

## Nothin' But a Good Time by ReblDOMakr

**Series:** [Black Sugar \[1\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Dubious Consent, Fucked Up Billy Hargrove, Homophobic Language, In more ways than one, M/M, Manipulative Billy Hargrove, Mentions of Hardcore 80's Porn, Mentions of Rape, Somnophilia, Steve's basically just screwed, i dont see this as rape as steve does eventually consent but he says no at first

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Steve Harrington's Parents

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**Summary:**

They didn't slowly explore their sexuality. Billy was sure what he felt, and thought Steve would like it enough.

## **Nothin' But a Good Time**

### **Author's Note:**

sorry for any mistakes I missed during editing!

### **Nothin' But a Good Time**

“Thank you, Mrs. Harrington.” Billy said for the third time, eyes wide and innocent-seeming, voice light and almost childlike. “I didn’t think the snow would come down so hard.”

“How could you? You’re from California, dear, never seen as much as ice, have you?” Mrs. Harrington said, patting his cheek affectionately. It was no secret that she adored Billy, approved of him as her son’s friend more than any other boy around Hawkins, Indiana. “Steve’s got a few extra blankets in his bedroom closet, but if you need any more there’ll be some in the guest room.”

“The one closest to Steve’s room.” Mr. Harrington added, lurking behind his wife. “You sure you don’t want to hole up in there? It might get awfully crowded in Steve’s room for two boys.”

“I might, but I figure it’s Friday so we could talk and stuff, y’know.” Billy shrugged.

Mrs. Harrington nodded. “Sweetie, do you remember those days? I remember staying up well past midnight with my girlfriends.” She said.

“I always in bed before eleven.” Mr. Harrington said. “Never been much of a night owl.”

“Can’t lie, I know I am.” Billy said.

Mr. Harrington nodded. “Many teenagers are, I think. You’ll probably grow out of it.”

Steve watched the entire scene, transfixed and borderline amazed. Hargrove had already told him about how he knew where to find his sister that night, months ago, by flirting it out of Mrs. Wheeler, who

he found by talking it out of Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair [*who thought Billy was just a remarkable young man*]. Still, it was shocking to watch the boy work his magic. Whether it was convincing a cashier to forgive being a dollar short or getting the librarian to let him borrow nine books at once.

After another few minutes, each second increasing his parents' liking of Billy Hargrove until they looked ready to just invite him to stay for the entire weekend, Billy and Steve went upstairs to Steve's bedroom.

"At least I know why you're so pretty, Stevie." Billy announced once the door was shut, and locked. "Both sides, huh?" He laughed. "Both sides!"

"Shut up." Steve sighed.

He didn't even completely understand why he was hanging around Hargrove so much, but he did enjoy the other teen's company. Once they were alone, Billy was mostly not an asshole. He said some weird shit sometimes, did some weird shit just as often, and had a lot of issues that probably could earn him a for-life stay at a mental asylum. Still, he was nice to have around. He listened whenever Steve wanted to talk, but happily filled up empty air. Steve accidentally told him about the Upside Down, once, but Billy didn't even freak like anyone else would've. Just believed in him enough to know he wasn't lying to fuck with him, and didn't think he was insane enough to have imagined it all.

"C'mon, Stevie boy, let's do something." Hargrove whined. "I'm bored."

"Go to sleep." Steve ordered.

Hargrove pouted. "Can we at least play a game?"

"I got a deck of cards in my desk drawer." Steve said. "We can play bullshit?" He offered. Hargrove wiped the pout of his lips and nodded, cackling merrily as he rushed over to the desk to start ruffling through the drawers to find what he wanted. Steve didn't bother to tell him where to look, knew Hargrove would just continue pushing things around until he found what he wanted.

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Four hours consisted one half-finished game of bullshit (they realized how terrible the game was with only two people), over fifteen rounds of gold fish, and a game of speed. Steve changed into his pajamas, lending Hargrove some of his clothes. None of his shirts fit, but he wore his pajamas pants awfully loose. He found it ridiculous that despite being taller than Billy, the other boy was still able to be bigger in other departments. He didn't have it in him to be jealous, though it used to piss him off before he realized how much work Hargrove put it in just to be as big as he was.

Steve fell asleep quickly, easily able to with the knowledge of someone completely human sleeping by him. Unbeknownst to him, Hargrove stayed wide awake.

Billy had a collection of porn hidden all over his bedroom back at home. Most of it, his dad didn't care about seeing. Old man didn't care about the magazines depicting women being gang-raped, as long it was all about women. What he had to hide was the stuff he had with the guys, or the girls (and boys) who looked underage or actually were underage. He had some dirty tapes he carried with him from California, ones he'd love to share with Steve one day.

**Steve.** The reason why Billy was thinking about his porn at all, wished he had it with him right then to distract himself. He had a tape of a brown-haired teen boy being fucked by two guys at once and it only ever managed to make him think how much Steve could handle, but the thought of letting anyone else touch Steve pissed him off. Even a girl, who'd never be able to do what Billy could do, the thought of anyone taking Steve or letting themselves be taken by him- there were a lot things Billy could imagine doing to someone who dared.

Pushing away his obscure thoughts, Billy tried to focus on the ceiling. Not on Steve sleeping barely a foot away on his stomach, his large blanket being the only thing that separated him from a nice view of the teen's ass. "Fuck," He cursed, sitting up.

He stared down at Steve and decided, *what the fuck?*

Billy moved slowly, readjusting himself until he was closer to Steve

to the optimal position. He pulled off Steve's blanket like he was ripping off a band-aid, quick.

Harrington shivered, but remained asleep. Thank God for the wonders of stuffy, warm air in the bedroom. Billy moved again, this time straddling the back of Harrington's legs. If Stevie-Boy woke up, he'd be able to force his legs down and reach over and shove his face into the mattress.

He palmed his dick, staring down at Steve's immobile form. He was hard, definitely. It was at the point of no return and he decided he might as well continue. Billy reached out and, this time he worked slowly, pulled down Steve's pajamas pants. Outrageously baggy, they weighted itself down and shaped out the boy's ass nicely, but he wanted to see *more*. It still wasn't enough, either, seeing boxers instead of bare skin. He pulled those down, too. It took him a while to pull both the pants and boxers down to Steve's knees, but once he was done, he felt proud.

Steve's ass wasn't large or plump, but it was definitely firm and had some meat in it. Mostly muscle, Billy figured. He thought he should probably make Steve eat more, but instead occupied himself with the thought of running his fingers down the definitely-smooth skin.

Both of Billy's hands grasped Steve's cheeks, delicately first, but he couldn't help himself. He squeezed and pushed them apart, staring at that tightly-closed opening that he could definitely fuck open. Make it raw, make it bleed. [*thinking about turning Steve inside out, it made Billy feel delirious*]

"Dude, what the fuck!"

"You're awake." Billy said, voice monotone.

Steve tried to shove himself up, but Hargrove reached over and grabbed his neck. He pushed down, pinning the other boy to the bed. "Let me go!" Steve hissed. "What the fuck are you doing- come on, just-" He tried to wriggle free. "Let me go!" He repeated.

"No." Billy said. "Just stay still, alright? Just, just," He licked his lips. "Lemme do what I want, 'kay? It won't hurt, promise I won't let it."

Steve's chest tightened and, yeah, he wanted to freak out- but something kept it put. He didn't wriggle or move except to nod. Hargrove smiled gratefully and let go of Steve's neck.

"Got any lotion in here?" Billy asked.

"I," Steve swallowed the spit gathering in his mouth. "Got some in my side table."

Hargrove nodded. He didn't completely remove himself from Steve, just enough to reach the side table and pull open the drawer. He pulled out a half-empty bottle of moisturizing lotion. "Touch yourself, Stevie?" He taunted.

"No, I moisturize. You don't?" Steve acted more offended by that statement than he did about waking up to himself partially undressed.

"I got good skin." Billy shrugged. He returned to straddling the back of Steve's legs. He grabbed one cheek and pulled it to the right, grinning when it was enough to reveal that sweet little spot. Perfect, he thought. He squirted out a pool of lotion directly onto it.

Steve jumped. "What are you *doing*?" He was starting to get anxious. [*silly boy, he should've fought back earlier, now it was too late*]

"Said I wasn't gonna hurt you, so I got to do this." Billy said. "I'm preparing you, I want to fuck you."

"No." Steve refused. "You're not. I don't want to be fucked! I'm not a **queer**."

"It'll feel good." Billy dismissed. He dumped some more lotion before he threw the bottle to the side. "Tell me now if you gotta shit or anything."

"I need to go to the bathroom." Steve immediately answered.

Billy squinted then laughed. "Liar." He said. Without hesitation, he pushed two fingers through the hill of lotion straight into Steve.

"Hey!" Steve couldn't help but move, trying to push himself away

from the intrusion. It didn't hurt, not really, but he felt the stretch and Billy's should've at least properly covered his fingers with the lotion before he went and just- shoved in. "The fuck! Stop!"

"Don't move." Billy scolded. He let go of Harrington's ass and grabbed the back of his neck, pinning him down again. "See? Now I have to be rough." He didn't sound very apologetic to Steve's ears.

For a minute, all Steve could hear was the squelching of the two fingers moving in and out of him. But he could feel the grip on his neck, and the fading feel of his body being stretched more than it was meant to. He definitely felt the third finger. He actually fucking whimpered.

"Is it good?" Billy's voice was a deep purr. "You're gonna be a good whore for me, yeah?" He tossed that out there, not expecting much of a response. He got a full-body shiver.

"Shut up." Steve hissed. He knew Hargrove wasn't going to stop, but the least the asshole could do is not make it so fucking humiliating. There was a sick feeling in his stomach and he really didn't like anything that was happening to him. He couldn't be blamed for the reaction, whatever weird feeling was snapping into place [*Stockholm Syndrome-like, huh?*] "What the fuck did I even do? Why are you doing **this**?"

"I've wanted to." Billy admitted. He pushed the three fingers out, back in, and out again. "I got this tape, Harrington. A pretty brown boy, like you. He's tied down to this fucking bench, right? His legs are spread and he's a tiny guy, but he's got this ass- like you!" He shook his head. "Every time I watch it, I see his ass just getting fucking pounded and I think of pounding you. He's screaming and, shit, they have to fucking gag him and I think about doing that you, and it's the best fucking thing to imagine. Now I'm doing it, for real."

"Yeah and I'm not fucking willing." Steve spat.

"If you really didn't want it, you'd be able to throw me off." Billy laughed. "Admit it, Stevie, you want my cock in you."

"Fuck you." Steve said instead.

Billy shrugged, and continued. "If you could see how you're just fucking opening up for me, you'd see what I'm seeing. You aren't tense at all, you're just fucking open and taking it. I can't wait to get my dick inside, and I bet you can't wait either, huh?" He laughed [*fucking cackles, not cheery, normal laughs*] and spread out his fingers as far as he could. Steve hissed and buried his face in his pillow. Hargrove twisted his fingers around and, *finally*-

"Fuck!" Steve gasped, mouth opening and he actually pushed back against Hargrove's fingers.

"That's what I thought." Billy said, pulling out his fingers. "Wait 'till my dick's just pounding away at that little spot in you, Stevie. You'll feel fucking great."

Steve breathed noisily through his mouth, mind stuck on that prick of pleasure. His dick had already been hard, *he couldn't help it okay*, but that feeling was something he thought he could live off of. Just as good as being the one doing the fucking, he thought.

His neck was released and he was able to turn his head to watch Hargrove shove down his borrowed pair of paints, and his own cherry red boxers. The discarded bottle of lotion was quickly taken again, but this time the lotion was rubbed onto Billy's dick. Steve watched, wondering how he didn't feel that pressing into him. It wasn't as though Hargrove was that much bigger than him in that department, definitely not longer, but he was thick. Thicker than Steve and thicker than he remembered seeing in the showers after basketball practice. [*in the back of twisted-up head, he wondered if Billy somehow had his dick lift weights*]

"Ready?" Hargrove asked, wiping the lotion off his hands on Steve's bed sheets.

"Yeah." Steve breathed, not fully meaning to. Billy grinned, almost nastily.

He pressed inside of Steve like he pulled off the blanket earlier, like one does with a band-aid; fast with as much force as he could. The bed shoved forward and slammed onto the wall. Steve remembered his parents were still home, probably asleep and definitely wouldn't



like to wake up to his son having sex with the boy they let stay in their home. "My parents—"

"Shut the fuck up." Hargrove snarled, grabbing his hair and pulling back. "If you're worried, then keep fucking quiet. Got it?" When he didn't get an immediate response, he pulled harder on his hair. Steve whined and nodded. "Good boy."

Billy kept his grip on Harrington's hair, but he pulled out slow before he slammed back in. The headboard slammed again into the wall. A punch of bliss burst out in Steve himself and he let out a low moan. Billy pulled at his hair, continuing to thrust- headboard continuing to slam onto the roll every time he plunged in- and laughed when Steve continued to let out loud groans. Every time he slammed inside, he got a gasp and a refreshed moan.

"See," He hissed, looking down to watch his dick sink into Steve. "You're a whore, fucking meant to be one, aren't you?" When he pulled out, he slammed his free hand on Steve's ass. There wasn't enough fat for a full on jiggle, but it was enough for Billy to be happy about it.

Steve yelped, skin tingling. "Billy, please." He begged. "Just—"

"Just what?" Billy sneered. "Better fucking beg right if you want my dick, faggot." Harrington whined.

"You were just- please, Billy, please, please, please." Steve tried to push back, but he was only given another smack on his ass and a tighter grip in his hair.

"And you were just telling me to stop." Hargrove laughed. "Fucking slut. Beg for it, like you're meant to."

Steve would've shook his head if he could. Then, Billy started pulling out again. "Please fuck me!" He quickly said. His own dick was hard and, in his mind, the only solution was to get Billy fucking him again. "Please, please!" He repeated.

Hargrove was satisfied enough. He resumed his thrusts, but didn't stop slamming his hand down on Steve's ass whenever he bothered

to. Billy was pleased by the reddened skin, until he was too distracted with fucking Steve.

All the while during Billy's descent, Steve was whimpering and felt like he was losing oxygen. But he couldn't stop making noise, couldn't find the ability to breathe properly. His scalp was burning, his ass was tingling, and he swore- as the lotion was rubbed away with the friction- he was being turned inside out, felt the rawness and if he could actually think he'd be wondering how Billy could stand it.

It went on the same, for maybe ten minutes more, until Steve came. His cum stuck to his stomach. And he started to cry, because Billy wasn't stopping- he was only getting faster, rougher. At some point he'd let go of Steve's hair to fully grasp his waist, hands using its bruise-causing strength to pull Steve towards himself the same time he'd thrust forward.

Steve did come a second time, nearly dry, sobbing into a spit-soaked patch on his pillow. Billy came soon after him and if Steve wasn't nearly blanked out, he would've known and felt his cum dripping out of him when Billy pulled out.

"Good boy." Billy whispered into his ear, pushing himself to the side. He helped Steve turn over onto his back and kissed him. "Did real good." He said.

"Yeah?" Steve whispered. Billy grinned and nodded.

"Go to sleep." Hargrove said. Steve didn't have any problems with that, closing his eyes and passing out. *[he'd wake up with Billy fingering him]*

In the morning, his parents told them to be more quiet next time they decided to wrestle at night.

With a wide, unashamed grin, "Of course, Mrs. Harrington." Billy said. "Sorry 'bout that."

"It's alright, son. Boys are boys." Mrs. Harrington said. Her husband nodded in agreement.

**Author's Note:**

Set in March, 1985. Close to Steve's graduation.

Tbch, I wrote this because I just wanted some porn. This is the first time I've actually written smut, though, so idk if it was any good. I've written smuttish things, but never like this?? Idk how to explain. I did write a fic once where a character got off on being stabbed so this isn't the most fucked up I've ever gotten???? I don't know anymore and I'm lowkey ashamed of myself.

I alternatively title this 'reason #667 why hell will welcome me on their doorstep'